

Monster Boys by femmesteve

Series: [Harringrove Tumblr Shorts \[15\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Anal Sex, Blood Drinking, M/M, Period Sex, Vampire Billy Hargrove, Vampires

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Original Female Character(s), Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Original Female Character(s), Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-03-10

Updated: 2018-08-03

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:20:30

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 5

Words: 2,407

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Monster boy Harringrove drabbles from Tumblr

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Send me your prompts on Tumblr: @FemmeSteve

Steve's skin is slick with sweat, and it's salty as Billy's runs his tongue over it. He laps gently along the veins in Steve's wrist, a deep rumbling purr escaping his chest. Steve smells so fucking good. The first teasing nick of his teeth draws a soft gasp from Steve.

Billy's eyebrows draw up a bit, despite being fully aware of how Steve anticipated his feedings. His little human was so sensitive to his smallest touch, be it his skilled tongue or cold fingertips.

"Bite me already," Steve urges.

Billy chuckles darkly, sucking a kiss to Steve's wrist. He contemplates Steve's unblemished wrist, the veins pumping hot blood.. God, the smell is divine. He can practically hear the quick rush of Steve's blood in his ears.

He drops Steve's wrist and sinks his teeth deep into the side of his neck instead, drawing a pained moan from the human. He sucks fiercely, eyes rolling back as he drinks greedily. He releases Steve after a moment, settling for running his tongue over the trickle. Steve is moaning weakly, in a state of dumb euphoria.

Billy licks at his lips, huffs air through his nose and stares at the wound. Steve is arching his neck, begging silently for Billy to drink more, but they both know that he can't.

2. Chapter 2

All throughout Billy's hundreds of years on Earth, he had never seen anything as beautiful as Steve Harrington's eyes. They were large and brown and glistened when he was happy, and Billy would do anything just to see that shine. Steve was Billy's everything. The human was the most precious thing in the world to him.

It wasn't uncommon for vampires to fall in love with humans. However, Billy had fallen hard into a passionate, spiraling obsession first. The first time he laid eyes on Steve he knew that he had to have him. Steve came willingly though. He saw how much power and beauty Billy held and could give him and gave himself to him in return.

Steve smelled and tasted like heaven. His blood flowed bright red on Billy's tongue, and he would always drink greedily from the wound until Steve was moaning weakly from blood loss. He would beg for more even so, clinging to Billy and asking for the life to be sucked right out of him. Billy would silence him with a bloody kiss and lay him down.

Billy had taken Steve when he was only nineteen, miserable as he worked under his father and tried to make a living for himself. He was very happy to take on the glamorous life of a powerful vampire's boyfriend, leaving everything behind him to be waited on by the obsessive beast.

Billy loved Steve fiercely, wrapped so tight around the human's finger that it hurt him.

"Anything," Billy would always say, his lips pressing lingering kisses to Steve's hands which he held in his own.

"Change me," Steve would ask softly, as it seemed he had done a million times before. His eyes were full of longing, and Billy had to look away.

"No," Billy would growl out in response, grasping Steve's face in his hands, "You don't know what you're asking of me."

"You said anything," Steve's voice would have slipped into that lull that usually got him what he wanted. That made Billy squeeze his skin in reprimand for being such a delicious, manipulative thing.

"No. That's final," Billy would leave Steve to pout. He knew that the human would crawl into his lap later and apologize for asking as he always did.

Billy knew that he would never be able to let Steve go. To see him die would be to die himself all over again. No, he had great plans for his lover. Steve just wasn't ready yet. Or, maybe Billy wasn't quite ready to take Steve's life from him. To make him a monster.

However, it wasn't as though Steve wasn't already well on his way. He often drank from Billy's cup, letting his lover lick the blood from his lips and growl into his mouth. It stirred something in Billy to watch Steve drink human blood. Even after he had feasted on his own meal.

"Little beast," Billy would tease, sliding a finger past Steve's bloody lips.

Steve's eyes had darkened, his mouth pliant and warm. He sucked on Billy's finger with a soft moan, letting Billy take the cup from him. Billy pierced Steve's skin with his teeth and felt Steve shake beneath him as he began sucking on the wound. Billy grew hard at the sound of Steve's panting, his struggle to remain still and good as Billy drank from him. Steve was always good for him.

Billy never left Steve unsatisfied. He was, as you'd expect, an excellent lover. To lay with a vampire as a human was to put your complete and utter trust into the creature, and you would be rewarded for it. The ecstasy one felt when orgasming while being bitten was mind blowing. Steve was nearly addicted to it.

Billy would chuckle and grind slowly into Steve's heat, his breath hot against Steve's neck as he teased him with slow drags of his teeth against the skin. Steve would pull at his hair and moan out into the dark of the room, frustrated and needy. Billy had that effect on him.

"Ask me for it," Billy muttered.

“Bite,” Steve demanded, tugging hard at Billy’s curls.

Billy shook his head and bared his teeth, “Try again,”

Steve whined and tilted his neck further, aware that Billy could practically hear it rushing beneath his skin, “Bite me, please,” He whispered.

Billy did so immediately, rolling his hips hard into Steve as he drank greedily. Steve’s vision pitched black as he came. Billy would be licking the ebbing flow gingerly when he came to again. Billy chuckled softly in his ear, listening to Steve pant. He loved to make him see stars. Loved to make him feel good.

Billy always muttered to Steve about eternity as the human was dozing off. He’d tell Steve about what he was like long ago, and how much the times have changed. How his past lovers had all died. How he’d never let Steve die. Steve would fall asleep clinging to Billy’s cold body, feeling completely safe and cared for.

Billy would watch Steve sleep all night, tracing his veins with his fingertips and feeling the blood rush beneath it. He’d think about how the blood will change once Steve was born again. It will be dead and not near as sweet.

He’d think about selfishly giving Steve another ten years of human life. Then, Steve would stir in his sleep and draw closer and Billy would change his mind. He wanted Steve to be happy. More than anything.

3. Chapter 3

To Steve, smiling back at a girl is polite. To Billy, it's a threat. As soon as Steve averts his eyes from the stranger, Billy slides his arm around his boyfriend and bares his teeth at the girl. He likes to watch them pale at the sight of his extending fangs as they force their way through his gums. They'd retract themselves again as soon as she walked away and was no longer a threat.

"Put those away," Steve says, smacking Billy softly on his cheek.

However, he wasn't able to make sure that his boyfriend had listened to him. It made Steve's skin crawl to watch Billy's fangs push through his gums. They made a sick sound. Looked painful. Terrifying to anyone who got a good look at them.

Quite handy for scaring away little girls who sniff around Billy's companion.

4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

Vampire!Billy + A girl on the rag + A sneaky, horny Steve

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you @TheBeautyInChains for this prompt!!

The apartment was dark when Billy arrived, making him think that Steve had already gone to sleep. He was a little disappointed to be honest. He preferred it when his roommate was forced to listen. It made the morning after that much more deliciously awkward. For Steve, anyway.

The girl he had picked up from the bar was a sweet little thing named Molly. Billy estimated that she was on day two of her period. The scent that wafted from between her legs was delicious and thick, making Billy that much more eager to get her into his bedroom.

He left the door cracked carelessly and moved to join Molly on the bed. She tried to kiss him, but he moved away with a teasing smile. He pushed her onto her back as gently as possible and moved between her legs. He pushed her dress up to her waist, exposing her cotton panties. She was bleeding so heavily that it had started to soak through her pad. Billy licked his lips and dove in, sucking a kiss to the damp spot on her underwear.

The small taste felt like a tease and made him growl. He ripped her panties down eagerly, and she kicked them off of her foot. They landed somewhere on the floor with a soft thump.

Billy teased a finger between her lips, dipping just far enough to feel the dampness. His eyes slid closed as he licked delicately at the tip of his finger. She watched with parted lips and flushed face as he did this. She wanted to be weirded out, but she had agreed to this, and it's not as though it hurt. The opposite, actually.

Molly cried out as Billy suddenly speared her open with his tongue, thrusting it inside as deep as possible. He dug his nails into the flesh of her thigh, keeping her from squirming away as he massaged her inner walls. They squished and gushed as he moved his tongue, thrusting to coax out more. Her hands found his hair and she tangled her fingers in it almost painfully.

Billy sucked greedily, sliding two fingers inside of her and spreading them to make more room. His head jerked as he latched the wet muscle against her clit, throat clicking as he swallowed. A soft creak from outside the room pricked his ears, causing him to lift his eyes to the door.

‘There you are,’ Billy thought as he locked eyes with Steve.

A grin pulled up his sticky lips. He licked at his bloody fingers slowly before diving back in with a snarl.

Steve’s legs felt weak. Billy’s mouth and chin were dark with blood, and he was eating the girl on his bed as though starved for it. Her mouth was slack and she moaned almost helplessly, pulling at Billy’s curls as though trying to pull him off.

Steve couldn’t move. He felt stuck watching the other boy. He didn’t have to look down to know that he was incredibly hard. He couldn’t tell if it was from watching Billy or the girl. It should have been disgusting. She was clearly on her period, but Billy was still shoving his tongue inside of her with ferocity.

Another scent began to mix with the girl’s. Billy’s nose twitched and he raised his eyes again. Steve had shoved a hand inside of his pajama pants and was stroking himself. Steve must be close or something. The smell of precome was suddenly much stronger.

Molly’s legs had begun to tremble, her fingers tightening in his hair. She squeezed around his tongue and came with a high pitched cry. She sobbed in protest as he continued to suck. She really started to try and push him away then, but he snapped at her fingers with his teeth. He wasn’t near finished with her.

Steve’s breath hitched as he came into his fist, closing his eyes

against the image of Billy's bloody face. When he opened his eyes again he was face to face with Billy. He jumped and tried to move away, but Billy grabbed him. He reached into Steve's pants and grasped his wrist, pulling his hand out. Steve whimpered as Billy licked softly at his fingers, tasting his come.

"Not as good," Billy whispered with a grin, "Sorry,"

"Who's that?" Molly called weakly from the bed.

"No one," Billy called back without taking his eyes off of Steve, "Go back to sleep, Steve," He muttered, dropping Steve's hand. He shut the door gently, leaving Steve alone in the hallway.

5. Chapter 5

He's like something out of a book, with his long blond hair and icy blue eyes. He's charming. Too fucking charming, and his smile is killer. Perfect teeth that sharpen into needles at his will. Blindingly white. Gorgeous.

He came from California and brought a whole lotta hell with him. Steve tried his damndest to keep away, but somehow he got caught up in all. Pulled in by devilish charms and hot breath, wet kisses and tobacco smoke.

Vampire bait.

Billy always told him he had a good neck, which he thought was totally creepy, and turns out he had good reason to be freaked out. He should have known that he was being groomed for some ungodly courting ritual. Billy always seemed to find where he was hanging out for the night. Always knew when he had a fight with his dad. Somehow Billy knew everything.

Steve already believed in monsters. He just hadn't been sure which ones. He fought like hell once he caught on, but it only pissed Billy off. He knew he had the worst luck in the world, but Nosferatu having a crush on him really took the fucking cake.

"I'll just leave town," Steve said one night, seemingly to himself. The parking lot was empty, but he knew that Billy was there.

"I'll find you," Billy spoke, coming up behind Steve to touch his shoulder softly, "I always will.." He hummed, pressing his nose to the side of Steve's neck.

Steve shivered and stepped away. They stared at each other for a few moments. Soft brown into cold, unnatural blue. Steve cleared his throat and unlocked his car.

"Might as well get in. You're just gonna..." Steve grew quiet. Billy got into the passenger side.

Steve didn't bother to turn the lights on in his room. He threw his keys on the floor and kicked his shoes off before flopping onto his bed. He felt Billy's presence beside him immediately.

"Do you watch me sleep?" Steve asked softly.

"Most nights," Billy confessed.

Steve sighed out shakily and reached out for the blond in the darkness. Billy caught his hand in both of his own. He kissed Steve's hand softly, lingering there.

"You'll be ready soon."